

NEWS

FROM

Pannier-Alley:

OR, A

TRUE RELATION

OF

Some Pranks the Devil hath lately play'd with
a Plaster-Pot there.

This may be Printed, R. P. Decemb. 12. 1687.

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NEWS

FROM

Pannier-Alley.

I Remember the Reverend Dr. *Henry More*, in his Epistle to Mr. *Glanvil*, prefixt to his *Saducismus Triumphatus*, p. 13. tells us, That the shrewd wits of our Age suspect the truth of things fortheir Antiquity, and for that very reason think them the less credible, which (faith he) is as wisely done as of the Old Woman, the Story goes of, who being at Church in the Week before *Easter*, and hearing the tragical Description of all the circumstances of our Saviour's Crucifixion, was in great sorrow at the reciting thereof, and so solicitous about the busyness, that she came to the Priest after Service with Tears in her Eyes, droping him a Courtisie, and asked him how long ago this

sad Accident happened ; to whom he answering, about Fifteen or Sixteen hundred Years ago. She presently began to be comforted, and said, then in Grace of God it may not be true. At this pitch of Wit (saith my Author) in Children and Old Wives is the reason of our Wit-world-be's of this present Age, who would catch at any slight occasion or pretence of misbelieving those things that they cannot endure should be true.

Reader, the novelty of this following Relation of the unlucky Actions of an invisible Agent, will effectually Hamstring this pretence of a misbelief. The which is here presented to thee attested by the Master, and Maid of the House, and several other Eye Witnesses of an untainted credit.

On Saturday the Third of December 1687. *Mary Webb* Servant to *Thomas Doo*, a Victualler, living at the Sign of the Bell in *Pannier-Alley*, which is between *Newgate-street* and *Pater-Noster-Row*, in the Parish of *St. Foster, London*, being sent to fetch home some Pots which had been carryed to several Houses, she meets in *Newgate-street* with an Old Woman, who asked her if she would buy a *Walsh-Ball*, which would preserve her Hands from Chopping,

ing, she replied in a careless manner, what will you have for one? the Old Woman told her that the Gentry had given her a Crown a piece for several, but she should have one cheaper. The Maid buys a Ball, then the Woman offers to tell her Fortune, which she did, and directs her to place a Porringer of Water in a hole in the Cellar, where it might remain undiscovered for Three Hours, and then she would find Three broad pieces of Gold therein, one whereof she expected to have for her self, which she promised to call for at the Fourth Hour. Then the Old Woman offers to sell her a Paper of Love-Powder to sow in the hinder part of her Night-Cap, which should be kept there for Three Nights and not be discovered to her Bedfellow, and orders her to go the Fourth day to Market, where she should see her Sweet-Heart, who would never leave her until he Married her, and after this to take the Powder and sow it up in her Gown, whereby all that should see her or come near her would be made to admire her. Then they exchanged Two Six Pences, saying to each other give me this as I give it you, Three times; then she said she would go to an Ale-House and cast a Figure and then call; but not calling.

calling according to promise, the Maid goes to look in her dish finds e'en what the Cat left in the Malt.

After this about Eight of the Clock at Night, the Mistress of the House standing at the door of one of the Boxes, and upon some Occation turning her back on the Company that was there, they espy'd her Gown all bedawbed with something like Plastering, and giving her notice of it, she profess'd her Ignorance of the manner of its being done. After this several that came to drink in the House met with the like scurvy Treatment, but from whence or whom they knew not.

One passage is remarkable, *viz.* that Three Persons sitting by the Fire with their Backs three several ways, were every one of them besprinkled with this kind of Whiting or Plaster-Stuff.

Another Gentleman claps himself in a Corner that (as he was pleased Jocosely to say) he might be out of the Devils way, but when he rose up the Event declar'd him mistaken. And by the way, if I might be of that Gentleman's Counsel, I would never advise him for the future to retreat into a Corner, when a She-Devil is the Aggressor.

After

After this one Morning about Seven a Clock there was heard a noise like the falling of Water emptied out of a Pot in the Yard, and some persons going out to see what it was, they found a parcel of this Stuff dash'd on the Stones. And though they have had several to watch at Night to see if they could discover whence it should come, hitherto it hath been in vain.

Reader, to detain thee with a more tedious Relation will now be needless, since so great numbers of the Neighbourhood are ready to witness the Truth of this and of a great deal more.

F I N I S.

Thomas Doo of Pannier-Alley, in the Parish
of St. Fosters, London, Victualer, and Ma-
ry Webb Servant to the said Thomas Doo,
do severally make Oath, That the Relation
contained in this Book, Entituled News from
Pannier-Alley, &c. is true.

12 die Decemb. 1687.
Jurat coram me

Thomas Doo.
The Mark M of the
Deponent Mary
Webb.

John Shorter, Mayor.

